

# FROM SAVAGERY to MINIONS of the LAW

BY WILL P. SHAFTER

THE mutiny of 30 members of the Philippine constabulary at Davao has brought to notice that splendid organization, founded on the remnants of Aguinaldo's insurrectionary army in the early days of the American occupation. For the last eight years they have given to the islands a season of law and order and to various tribes of our new domain a respect for the majesty of the great nation of whose army they form, though indirectly, an important part.

The mutiny, in itself, amounted to little. One American planter was killed by the bullets of the mutineers and there were two or three men wounded. Then the loyal members of the constabulary, with the backing of small detachments of the Twenty-third and Twenty-fifth United States infantry, chased the would-be revolutionaries back into the fastnesses of the Davao hills and, within 48 hours or the first notice of the difficulty reaching headquarters the first internal serious trouble since the organization of the corps was at an end.

The Philippine constabulary was organized just nine years ago. At the conclusion of the insurrection of 1899-1900 the military governor of the Philippines, Gen. Arthur MacArthur, issued the following order:

"In order to encourage among the people the idea of self-protection against robbers and roving bands of criminals, with which the country abounds, department commanders are authorized to arm the local police in towns where such action, in their judgment, would be prudent and expedient. For this purpose requisitions may be submitted to the division headquarters for caliber .45 Colt's revolvers and an adequate supply of ammunition. This arm will be replaced at an early date by a more suitable weapon.

"For the better performance of the duties contemplated it is desired that the organization of police be systematized and, if possible, the scope of action extended so as to make these constabulary bodies, by means of mounted detachments, conservators of the peace and safety of districts, instead of confining their operations to areas limited by the boundaries of towns and barracks.

"Department commanders are empowered to enforce the provisions of this order by appropriate instructions."

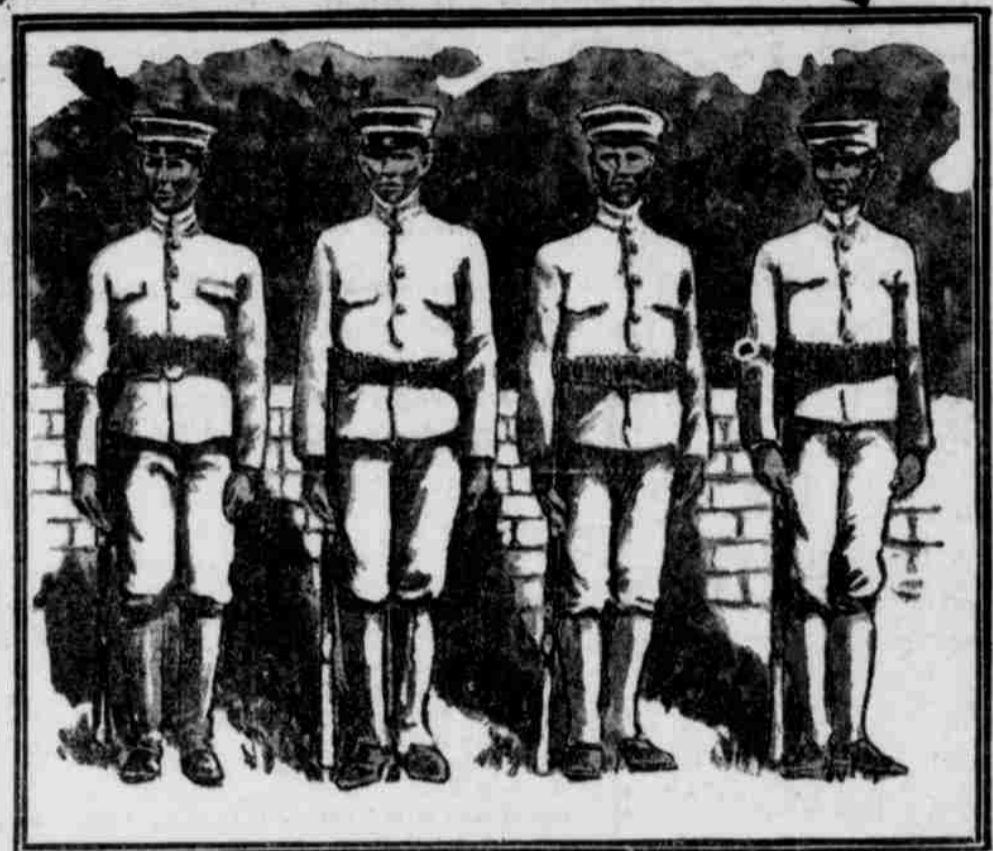
By the autumn of 1900 some organization of the constabulary had been effected and in February, 1901, the Philippine government had, in addition to the army and the native scouts then on duty, an embryo of the present efficient constabulary force numbering 2,571 men.

The newly organized body had an amusing complexity of personnel and diversity of armament. It included every race and every color, every language and every degree of civilization, from cultured Castilians of the Malacca drive to the dusky savages of Mindanao and Negros. The catalogue of their weapons was fully as mixed as their racial affiliations.

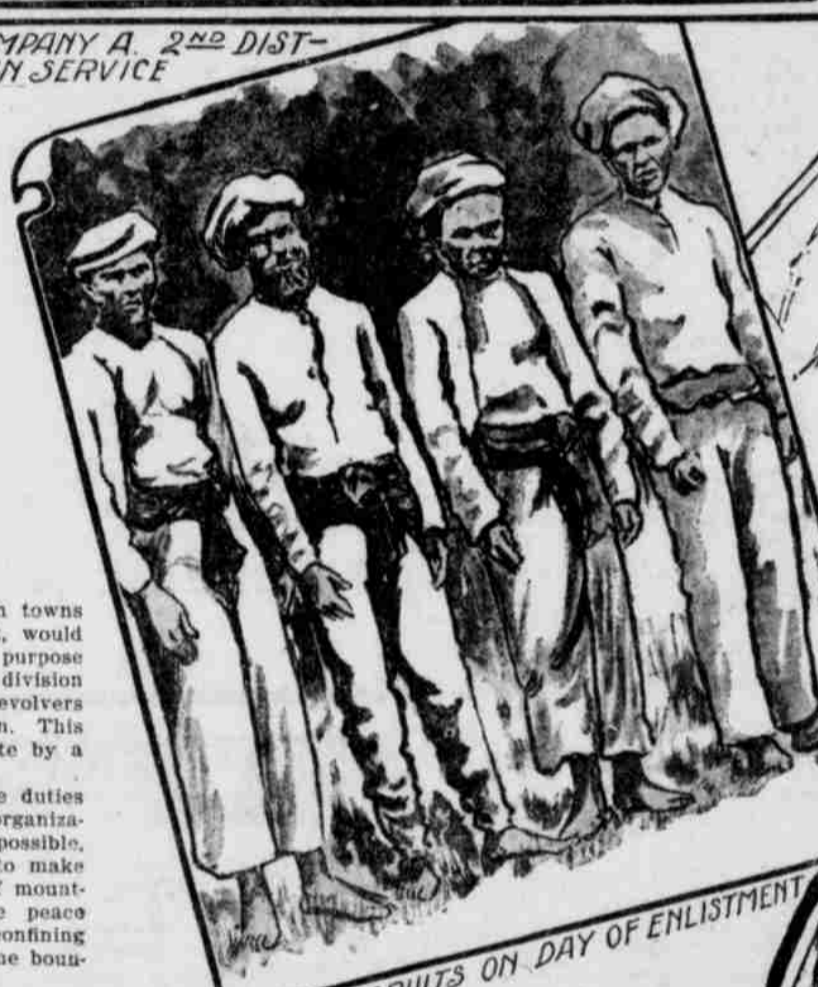
The organization grew in numbers and in popularity. At first the ill-disposed were prone to take chances with the little "coppers." They had seen them as soldiers of the army of Aguinaldo driven from point to point by the husky soldiers of the United States until they had become imbued with the idea that running was their chief and only accomplishment. It took but a few brushes with them to show that they had gained something of Uncle Sam's determination to do things in his own way and when the way of the preserver of order and the native disorganizer ran counter something had to drop, and drop hard. Gradually the good work of the constabulary became understood and with the spread of their reputation for keeping things straight the minor disorders of the urban and agricultural communities became fewer and fewer.

When at the last pacification of the civilized and semi-civilized portions of the islands became an established fact the constabulary took up the work of teaching the hill tribes, the head hunters and professional lads that the plying of their various forms of nefarious business or pleasure anywhere near a constabulary post was a highly unwholesome pastime. When the Ilmor and others got enough of going out on trouble hunts the constabulary organized little trips on their own account and went back into the woods to drag out the real bad men and teach them the art of behaving themselves even under their own vines and banana trees.

One of the most remarkable things about the organization of the constabulary has been their extreme amenability to discipline and their readiness to assimilate western ideas of conduct and deportment by the members of the force. In the illustrations will be noticed photographs of a detachment of Moro and Subano recruits. These pictures of the same group of men were taken only four months apart. In the first the barefoot, disheveled, turbaned band had just entered the service



PART OF COMPANY A, 2ND DIST—ONE YEAR IN SERVICE



SAME RECRUITS ON DAY OF ENLISTMENT

as the veriest of rookies. In the second picture, straight, trim, clean, well-drilled and set up fit to make even a regular look to his laurels, they are presented again. In a third of a year they have been converted from semi-savagery and are representative members of one of the best disciplined bodies of troops in the world.

The Philippines have been divided into districts by the constabulary and each of these districts—there are five in all—contains about a thousand of these soldier policemen. The force numbers, in addition to the sub-district of Palawan and the Constabulary school at Intramuros, Manila, something over 5,000.

They are under the command of Brig-Gen. Henry H. Bandholtz, who holds the title of director. There is an assistant director, two inspectors and a staff of about a dozen officers attached to the headquarters at Manila. There is a director for each of the general districts of the archipelago and these districts in turn are divided into subdistricts and minor stations, some of the smaller stations having only half a dozen policemen in charge.

In the early days of the force the officers of commissioned rank were all Americans. A large percentage, a majority, in fact, are still natives of the States, but there is always opportunity for the ambitious and educated Filipino to reach a promotion if by diligence, fidelity and good hard work he desires to accomplish it.

The force at first appeared in a great variety of uniforms, everything from the cast-off blue and white drill of their former conquerors, the Spaniards, to the rusty blue flannel shirts and khaki breeches of the American volunteers, who put Gen. Emilio Aguinaldo out of business. To-day they are all uniformed alike and their appearance is distinctly natty. Khaki for service and general wear, with shoulder cords and facings of artillery red, caps or campaign hats, in accordance with the season, wool puttees and comfortable canvas shoes complete the rig.

For dress occasions the officers wear snowy duck and the enlisted men are privileged to provide themselves with a similar costume for fiesta days and Sundays if they so desire. The Mahometan members of the organization wear the tarboosh or fez instead of the cap, as may be seen in the picture of the Moro detachment, which is known officially as Company A, Fifth district constabulary. The fez is of crimson felt and the tassel which hangs to the eyebrows is of yellow silk.

A portion of the force is mounted. It is the hope of the Philippine government that, as the islands become more and more orderly and the necessity for the retention of regular cavalry has passed, they will be able to make nearly the whole constabulary a mounted organization. Horses or the little Philippine

ponies have been used most of the time. One of the pictures shows what the men have been put to at times of flood, the carabo, the unique Philippine beast of burden, having been used as a cavalry horse on more than one occasion. When on land his progress is perhaps a trifle slow, but he is a mud horse of high degree, a splendid wader and an even better swimmer. Some of the Americans who have had occasion to use the carabo as a means of locomotion say that they would be almost willing to attempt the crossing of the Pacific astride his bony shoulders.

As a supplement to the army of occupation and a go-between that is not military in anything save arms and discipline and which the

## CURIOSITIES OF BIRD-NESTING

An authority says: "It is not at all uncommon thing to find the first and sometimes second egg of a young bird abnormally small, but I came across a case some few years ago which was quite unique. In April, 1901, I was hunting for a few clutches of the carrion crow in some small woods, which were their favorite nesting places in that district. I walked right through the first wood without success, but on leaving it I saw, perched on a tree some distance away, two crows. Guessing that I had disturbed them and that they were watching me, I walked on for some distance, still keeping my eye on them. Sure enough, as soon as they were satisfied that I was leaving, one of them made off straight for a large oak tree at the extreme end of the wood I had just left. On returning I discovered the nest and the reason I had missed it. It was

built out on the extreme end of the lowest limb of the tree, within 10 feet of the ground, and hidden by the undergrowth below—a most unusual position. I climbed to the nest and was much astonished at the contents. In it were four miniature crow's eggs, very little larger than blackbird's eggs, and in shape almost round. On blowing them I found the shells were abnormally thick and tough for the size of the egg and they contained no yolk. Knowing that crows invariably remain in the same locality year after year, the following: 'on I went to look for my friends again and to my great delight found the nest in a very similar position in another oak tree within 30 yards of the first nest. It contained five eggs, four exact counterparts of the first clutch and one of normal size, the only one to contain any yolk. The following season I found them for the third time again quite close to the previous nests; this time there were four eggs, only one small one and three full size."



BEFORE A BONTOC IGORROTE AND AFTER

## FIGHTS ALL NIGHT WITH MAD SISTER

CLEVELAND WOMAN HAS DESPERATE BATTLE FOR LIFE WITH INSANE RELATIVE.

### TWO ALONE IN BIG BUILDING

Would-Be Slayer Declares Spirits Ordered Her to Kill Kin—Death of Son Is Cause of Her Hallucination.

Cleveland, O.—Alone in the Republic building with her sister, who had gone suddenly insane, Miss Eliza Warren battled all night for her life and was rescued in the morning only after she had received stab wounds which required treatment in a hospital. Miss Warren has a dramatic studio and her apartments in the building.

The last person had hardly left the building for the night when her sister, Mrs. Marian Sutton Story confronted Miss Warren with blazing eyes and the exclamation: "Eliza, I must kill you. The spirits tell me to."

"I knew in an instant she was crazy," Miss Warren told her friends. "Her eyes shone with insane light."

"She had no weapon then, and after a short struggle I succeeded in overpowering her. For a long time I was compelled to sit on her, so determined was she to carry out the command of the 'spirits.'"

"After a while she grew quieter and I relaxed my hold. But not for long."

"I must kill you, Eliza," she said. "I will die to-night. Tomorrow father and brother will die. We'll all join George in heaven. The spirits told me so."

"Again I succeeded in controlling her. But now she talked, talked, talked, and of George, and what we would do in heaven."

"It was about 12 now, and except for her mutterings, quiet. Across the hall a clock struck between what seemed ages. I wanted to scream out for help, but knew no one could hear."

Four times during the night, according to Miss Warren, she had to sit on Mrs. Story in order to control her. Toward morning she was unable to cope with the insane woman, whose strength seemed doubled.

Finally Mrs. Story, she says, broke



away and, grabbing a penknife, advanced on her.

Miss Warren tried to open the door, which was locked, but, unable to turn her back on her sister, couldn't do it. Finally she closed with her attacker, in a last struggle to obtain the knife.

This time she was overpowered and hurled to the floor.

"Her knee pinned me down," says Miss Warren, "and then I felt something enter my side. I screamed with all my might, but no one came. I screamed again. Still no one answered. Then, just as I was about to give up, I heard steps, the glass in the door fell in and I was saved."

Before Mrs. Story was removed to jail Miss Warren had her brought into her room at the Huron Road hospital.

"I forgive you, Mollie," she said, "but I can't understand why you did it." She kissed her sister good-by.

Dr. C. H. Clark, superintendent of Newburg hospital, says Mrs. Story is a woman with an impressionable mind.

"The death of her son and an attempt to communicate with him through spiritualistic mediums caused her insanity," he said. "False hearings came to her and she suffered the hallucination of being commanded by spirits."

### Girl's "Rat" Saves Her Life.

Champaign, Ill.—Score one for the fantastic feminine. The prevailing styles in hair dressing undoubtedly saved the life of Miss Frances Thurman of Urbana, for when a glass showcase ten feet square, weighing more than 100 pounds, fell upon her head she was only jarred and frightened. The young woman was dusting a case in a photograph gallery when it fell, but the force was broken by her coiffure. The case itself was badly damaged, the glass doors breaking.

Could She? "When women get to voting," said the man, "they will have a great many more calls than they now have to put their hands in their pockets and give money to further important causes."

The woman looked thoughtful. "I'm always willing, of course," she said, "to give money for a good cause, but as for putting my hand in my pocket—"

### IN AGONY WITH ECZEMA.

Whole Body a Mass of Raw, Bleeding, Torturing Humor—Hoped Death Would End Fearful Suffering.

### In Despair; Cured by Cuticura.

"Words cannot describe the terrible eczema I suffered with. It broke out on my head and kept spreading until it covered my whole body. I was almost a solid mass of sores from head to foot. I looked more like a piece of raw beef than a human being. The pain and agony endured seemed more than I could bear. Blood and pus oozed from the great sores on my scalp, from under my finger nails, and nearly all over my body. My ears were so crusted and swollen I was afraid they would break off. Every hair in my head fell out. I could not sit down, for my clothes would stick to the raw and bleeding flesh, making me cry out from the pain. My family doctor did all he could, but I got worse and worse. My condition was awful. I did not think I could live, and wanted death to come and end my frightful sufferings.

"In this condition my mother-in-law begged me to try the Cuticura Remedies. I said I would, but had no hope of recovery. But oh, what blessed relief I experienced after applying Cuticura Ointment. It cooled the bleeding and itching flesh and brought me the first real sleep I had had in weeks. It was as grateful as ice to a burning tongue. I would bathe with warm water and Cuticura Soap, then apply the Ointment freely. I also took Cuticura Resolvent for the blood. In a short time the sores stopped running, the flesh began to heal, and I knew I was to get well again. Then the hair on my head began to grow, and in a short time I was completely cured. I wish I could tell everybody who has eczema to use Cuticura. Mrs. Wm. Hunt, 135 Thomas St., Newark, N. J., Sept. 28, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

### A Tale of Man's Deceit.

"Were you out gambling last night?" she sternly demanded.

"I will tell you the truth," he said. "I was at a seance. We sat around the table, holding hands."

He did not think it necessary to explain they were poker hands.

"Did the spirits come?" she asked, in breathless awe.

"The spirits were there," he replied gravely.

Which there were.

"Did they give low cries?" she whispered.

"No," he replied. "I should describe them more as high bawls."

### And Ma Fainted.

"Why did she refuse you?" she asked her son, with fine scorn.

"Well," the boy replied between his sobs, "she objects to our family. She says pa's a loafer, that you're too fat and that everybody laughs at Daisey Mayne because she's a fool and talks about nothing but the greatness of her family." (Chauncey threw water in his mother's face, but at three o'clock this afternoon she was still in a swoon, with four doctors working on her.)—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

### A Financial Epigram.

"H. H. Rogers," said a New York broker, "always advised young men to get hold of capital. He used to point out to them that without capital a man could do nothing, nothing. He used to pack this truth into a very neat epigram."

"Fortune," he used to say, 'can't knock at the door of a man who has no house.'"

### BAD DREAMS Caused by Coffee.

"I have been a coffee drinker, more or less, ever since I can remember, until a few months ago I became more and more nervous and irritable, and finally I could not sleep at night for I was horribly disturbed by dreams of all sorts and a species of distressing nightmare."

"Finally, after hearing the experience of numbers of friends who had quit coffee and were drinking Postum, and learning of the great benefits they had derived, I concluded coffee must be the cause of my trouble, so I got some Postum and had it made strictly according to directions."

"I was astonished at the flavor and taste. It entirely took the place of coffee, and to my very great satisfaction, I began to sleep peacefully and sweetly. My nerves improved, and I wish I could wean every man, woman and child from the unwholesome drug—ordinary coffee."

"People really do not appreciate or realize what a powerful drug it is and what terrible effect it has on the human system. If they did, hardly a pound of it would be sold. I would never think of going back to coffee again. I would almost as soon think of putting my hand in a fire after I had once been burned."

"A young lady friend of ours had stomach trouble for a long time, and could not get well as long as she used coffee. She finally quit coffee and began the use of Postum and is now perfectly well. Yours for health."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.